

JOHN BULL

VOL.
LXX
1852

3rd
EVERY
THURSDAY

THE
TOTTERING
IDOL
By A.G.G.

STALIN'S
CAT'S-EYE
ARMY
STRIKES

STOP
THE
STRANGLERS!
By the Editor



The Ministry of Food feeds a family of 45,000,000. In this family THE CHILDREN COME FIRST. Oranges . . . milk . . . extra eggs . . . school meals. And now—on December 8th—a new scheme came into operation: A FREE REGULAR DISTRIBUTION, TO ALL CHILDREN UNDER TWO, OF COD-LIVER OIL COMPOUND AND OF FRUIT JUICES (black-currant juice or purée at first, orange juice later). Cod-liver oil contains the growth-promoting Vitamin A and the bone-building Vitamin D; and the fruit juices are rich in the protective Vitamin C. Three essential vitamins in concentrated and convenient form. The scheme may be reviewed at the end of March, but until then THERE IS NOTHING TO PAY. We have to thank our friends of the U.S.A. for the orange juice. The cod-liver oil comes from Iceland. The blackcurrant juice is from our own harvest of last year.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

- 1 Turn to page 5 of your child's yellow ration book. On the counterfoil, at the top of the page, under the words *Name and address of retailer*, write the address of the Clinic, Welfare Centre or other distribution centre established by your Food Office where you would like to collect your supplies. It must be within your own Food Office area. Lists of these distributing centres will be displayed locally.
- 2 Don't cut out the page or the counterfoil, but send the complete book in an envelope to your Local Food Office, or take it there yourself if you prefer to.
- 3 When the Food Office has checked your choice of distribution centre and has stamped page 5 with the words *Valid for Vitamins*, you will be able to collect supplies. The distribution began on December 8th. Don't forget to take the yellow ration book with you.

NEW LIVES - NEW NEEDS



Was a Secretary. —now a Nurse

She's at everyone's beck and call, every minute of the long hospital day. It's a big new tax on her nerves and her physical endurance. Like all 'raw' wartime nurses, somehow and from somewhere she has just got to find the necessary stamina for her new life.

On the Home Front battles are being won every day—big little victories over tiredness, irritability, nervous strain. Nature's own tonic, sound *natural* sleep (whenever you can get it) is the best thing ever for your new wartime lives. A warming cup of Bourn-vita, still at the old peacetime price, will help you to get your essential ration of body-and-mind-restoring SLEEP. Bourn-vita is a night food-drink with special nerve-soothing properties that bring sleep very quickly.

See panel for analysis of Bourn-vita



WHY BOURN-VITA SLEEP IS RESTORING SLEEP

Phosphorus	} Mineral and nerve foods
Calcium, Iron	
Malt Extract	} Tonic and digestive properties
Calcium	
Vitamins A, B & D	} Essential to the body's health

NO SUGAR NEEDED

GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR SLEEP WITH—

CADBURY'S

1/5
PER 1/2 LB

BOURN-VITA

STILL AT PRE-WAR PRICE

YOU CAN STILL HAVE A
FILM STAR COMPLEXION

—for you
can make your
Lux Toilet Soap
last
twice as long



SO many girls today are using the soap-and-water beauty treatment of the film stars that it is sometimes hard to buy Lux Toilet Soap in the shops.

But cheer up! A little care, and you can go on having this same beauty treatment. For you can actually make your Lux Toilet Soap go twice as far.

You see, Lux Toilet Soap gives a lather that is far more abundant than the lather made by ordinary soaps. As a result, one simple twist of the tablet gives enough lather in hard water to soap your hands and arms. If the water is soft, you'll get enough lather for your face and neck as well.



And you'll find that the lather holds up far longer. For the lather of Lux Toilet Soap is active. It doesn't dry up and disappear.

Soap lasts longer, you know, if you keep it dry. Don't let the tablet float about in the bath or in a watery dish. Place it in a wire dish or a string soap-carrier. And when you come to the end of a tablet, stick the remaining piece on to the new tablet. You'll save a lot of soap that way.

Lux Toilet Soap is now sold in the new 3½d. tablet (Purchase Tax included).

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

TL 1253-9

A LEVER PRODUCT

I'VE SEWN
ALL THOSE
BUTTONS ON,
MUMMY—



Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned—what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres—that delicious malty flavour and the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!



GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS



EXCUSE ME—
for clean little insides
don't forget
INNER CLEANLINESS



See how
Andrews refreshes
and purifies:
FIRST Andrews
cleans and re-
freshes the mouth
and tongue.

NEXT Andrews
settles the stom-
ach and corrects
acidity.

THEN Andrews tones up the
liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY To complete, your
Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently
clears the bowels.

10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax

When days are cold many prefer
Andrews with the chill off.

ANDREWS

The quality is always the same

**NO
BLACK
OUT**

FOR TEETH WITH

Gibbs
DENTIFRICE

7½ and 1/3 including Tax
Press U.K. only

Kills germs
and is
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WAR TIME PACKS
The containers in which you obtain
your Gibbs Dentifrice may vary from
time to time, but the high quality of
the Dentifrice is maintained

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Cousin Edith



MY cousin Edith is the only woman I know who has a man's self-reliance combined with womanly looks and charm.

Left almost penniless by her parents, she opened an excellent little cake shop at a South Coast resort.

She was running this successfully when war broke out and it soon became obvious that she could not carry on.

It was then that Edith, for the first time, came to me for advice. Did I know how she could set about helping to look after children evacuated from bombed areas?

I am an old bachelor with a house far too large for me, in a reception area, so the solution was obvious. Edith moved in and prepared to receive a contingent of young and boisterous guests.

It was during this period that Edith began to lose her "sparkle." She obviously had to drive herself to do her work. She would retire early to get a long sleep and still be tired the next day. Thoroughly worried, I called in my doctor, a sensible fellow who spotted the trouble at once. Edith was only getting what he called 2nd Group Sleep.

It appears that there are three sleep groups. People who suffer from actual insomnia are in the 3rd Sleep Group. The 2nd Group are the people, like Edith, who sleep long enough and yet feel tired even when they begin the day. The 1st Group Sleepers are the people who get a good night's

sleep and are completely rested and restored by it. Doctor told Edith that a cupful of Horlicks each night could help her to get this 1st Group Sleep.

It was soon obvious that this was just what Edith needed. The tired, drawn look left her. She began to get back her old zest. The work went with a swing. "Horlicks gives me 1st Group Sleep and a reserve of energy," she told me. And I agree.

So would you if you could see Edith now with our guests. She works from morn till night and is happier, I think, than she has ever been.

During sleep, your body and mind should be completely rested and restored. If your sleep does not "mend" you in this way, you cannot be your best or do your best. To keep yourself fighting fit you must get into the 1st Sleep Group with the people who are energetic and purposeful from morning till night. Horlicks will help you to get into the 1st Sleep Group.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stocks. Every effort is being made to ensure equitable distribution.

"I'll let you into a secret!"



"This wine you've been praising so much... well, it's British! They've been making it here for nearly half a century and—mark you—from the finest grapes and following all the old traditional methods. Upon my soul, if it hadn't been for the war I might never have tried it. Wish one could buy it more easily but good things are hard to get these days."

VP
POINT BRAND
RICH RUBY * 3/9
PER BOTTLE

V.P. RICH RUBY
A rich, full bodied, generous full of Port character, mellow and mature.

V.P. BOTTLED SHERRY
is a fully matured med-ium sherry of delightful Port character, with fine aroma and delicacy.

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is a white sweet wine of fine Port character, with delicate bouquet.

Obtainable through Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers only.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 13, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."**



Straight from the Shoulder

WORLD IN ARMS

EVERY week that passes makes clearer the form of what JOHN BULL calls the World Front.

To keep the war in perspective, it is not enough to look both ways. There are other sectors than Libya and Russia.

For this is a five-continent war.

Libyan Lessons

Naturally, the Western Desert claims our first attention.

On its sea-like sands we have slowly learned the lessons that the Russians were quick to appreciate.

Threefold Tenets

Light, speedy tanks should not be pitted against the heavier armour and superior fire-power of the German medium tanks.

Two-pounder guns are no match for the German six-pounders.

Tanks cannot exterminate tanks. That is a job for aircraft equipped with cannon.

Moving On

General Rommel deserves respect for his bold and skilful defence.

Like King Charles, he has been an unconscionable time a-dying. But his end is certain.

Even then, we shall still have to face bitter battles further westwards.

French Sanctuary

It may be a long time before we reach Tripoli. Then we may find that the Nazis have massed powerful forces around the French key-port of Bizerta.

Step by step, Vichy is selling out to the enemy.

Recognising this, the U.S. has stopped sending help to French Morocco. That help did Britain a good turn—it was a bribe to Vichy to keep the French Fleet in port.

All This—and More

Somewhere else in Africa, Uncle Sam is building a vast factory to repair American aircraft, and is now operating two "military ferries" to the Middle East.

We shall need every bit of that help—and much more besides.

For one day we shall have to deal with the U-boat base at Dakar—and perhaps a German thrust at Turkey.

Firm Stand

We have been sending arms to Turkey. The U.S. will soon amplify that aid.

Thus Turkey is materially encouraged to stand firm. She is morally encouraged by our Libyan campaign and the successes of her big brother, Russia.

The two "vons"—Ribbentrop and Papen—have lost a long diplomatic battle.

Magnificent!

The Russians will not let Moscow fall. In the south, for the first time in this war, the German Army has been defeated.

It has been forced back from the gateway to the oilfields. In the Spring our allies will attempt to force it back all along the line.

They are training vast new armies. But they desperately need equipment—enormous quantities of arms and supplies.

And that is a call to us.

Missing Strategy

But we need do more than send supplies. We should co-ordinate our strategy with that of our allies.

Joint military plans for the Spring should be prepared now. Naturally, the Soviet should be kept informed of every phase of our military endeavours. We must strive for complete understanding both on war and after-war problems.

Ask Mr. Eden

Twice in September, three times in November, once this month, Mr. Eden has spoken of the Government's determination to secure the closest co-operation with Russia.

Has that co-operation yet been achieved? Has Mr. Eden's wish for political as well as material conversations been fulfilled?

We would welcome his assurance that it has.

Conversation Peace

The "Conversation Piece" staged by the U.S. and Japan for eight long months has brought no peace; at any moment the curtain may be rung up on a new drama that will not lack action.

Japan has used the time to build up a strong army. She has reinforced a Navy that, though it is a large unknown factor, is believed to be inferior in quality but superior in size to the American Far Eastern Fleet.

Her air force is out-of-date; her pilots are bad fliers; her matchwood cities can be set ablaze by Russian bombers from Vladivostok.

Stiff Fight

But do not let us underrate the Japanese Menace.

If the clash comes, it will be mighty and perhaps prolonged. As of Libya, we can say of the Pacific that we shall eventually triumph but we shall need all the arms we have sent and can send in the future.

Celestial Patience

For five bitter years the Chinese have endured defeat, torture and misery. They have waited patiently, convinced that no invader could conquer China even in a century.

But they have not been idle. They have formed great armies that should be ready to take the offensive next Spring.

But they, too, badly need the heavy weapons that they cannot make themselves. If the Allies could spare them arms, they would win a great victory for Democracy.

European Front

In Germany, supreme efforts are being made to produce more arms.

They are needed for the Russian front now. They will be needed against us in the Spring.

Moreover, the enemy has harnessed nearly all Europe for the job—and his genius for organisation is traditional.

Uncle Sam's Boycott

But he will get no more oil for his Luftwaffe from the U.S. via Spain.

Uncle Sam stopped that nonsense at the same time as he moved his troops into Dutch Guiana—a country that not only produces important war materials but is also next to the only Vichy stronghold on the American Continent.

Thus our World Front is strengthened even in the least-obvious sectors.

Revolution

In our own land, a new industrial revolution begins.

There is no doubt whether the new all-in conscription should be applied. There is a lot of doubt whether it will achieve its aims.

WASTED LIFE

● Women called up for "certain war factories" are first to be medically examined, the Government announces.

This precaution is long overdue, and it should most painstakingly be administered.

Let us quote one example to prove our point:

A reader tells us that her sister was rejected as medically unfit by each of the three women's Services.

Then the industrial call-up came along. The girl willingly went into a munitions factory.

After a while she felt she could not carry on. Her private doctor ordered her home.

But the works doctor refused her a release note. We are informed that he described her as "lazy," and said that if he gave a release note to every woman who applied there would be no one left in the factory!

We need not concern ourselves with this slur on women war workers. But the conclusion of the story should cause serious concern in Whitehall.

Ten days later, the girl died of tuberculosis.

The Critics

Not only Labour M.P.s but Conservative industrialists have told the Commons how production is hampered and labour wasted.

After two years of war, JOHN BULL still gets dozens of letters a week from workers on short-time.

This week, for example, we hear of ex-Servicemen and women being sacked by the score from arms factories because of shortage of materials.

Organise for War

Therefore, we must see that this man- and woman-power that is to be conscripted will be used and not wasted. And used efficiently!

Moreover, there must be greater conservation of industry.

While Others Suffer

Shops are full of frippery Christmas gifts.

No doubt some were made months ago. They should never have been made in war time.

Other knick-knacks are still being made—while our men fight in the Libyan dust, on the Atlantic wastes, and in the air, while Russian peasants are burned to death and Serbian patriots are bombed and blinded!

Nationalise I

It is because our industries are not yet geared to a total war effort that Labour demands nationalisation of essential industries and public services.

In particular, munitions and transport and mining should be removed from private ownership and reorganised under State control.

Inefficiency

Vested interests should not be allowed to impede industrial output. Nor should the Army, which in the last war hid its inefficiency by demanding more and more men.

Better a medium-sized efficient Army than a sprawling enormous one!

Will to Win

No less pertinent is the story of the war factory that had a month's work to do in a fortnight but could get no labour from the employment exchange.

So a whole village—grandmothers and boys, retired generals and ploughmen—volunteered and got the job done in time.

There is the spirit of the British people. Its will to win needs only organisation to produce all the weapons by which victory will be achieved.

(Continued overleaf)

AWAKENED BY A BLUDGEON

● "Big Stick methods" in government usually mean dictatorship.

But we can all be pleased that an outside stick is descending on the knuckles of lazy local councillors.

They are being made to realise that they have got to organise the collection of paper and other war materials saved by the public—or run into worse trouble.

But we hope the big stick won't be necessary to persuade shopkeepers to accept the hint made by a JOHN BULL reader some weeks ago.

Shop windows are still full of card-

board and paper "dummies" and display cards—thousands of tons of them.

They aren't necessary for business nowadays. But they are necessary for war weapons.

Many readers have sent hints and information that JOHN BULL has not been able to acknowledge.

But we offer them our thanks and the assurance that all their letters have been appropriately dealt with.

So, if you, too, cannot get your "salvage" collected, write to JOHN BULL about it.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ONE year has passed since the Second Fire of London. But fire-watching has yet to be made effective.

Regulations require a party of three (enough to work a stirrup pump) to every 150 yards of street. That is practicable in built-up areas.

But no alternative suggestion has been made for sparsely populated districts.

New to Him

On the fringe of nearly every big town are communities of detached houses, mostly tenanted by elderly people who organised their own voluntary fire parties but are not included in the compulsory scheme.

A Fire Guard officer confesses that the problem has not been tackled.

Danger Spots

He knows from personal experience that showers of fire bombs can fall as easily in sparsely populated districts as in a town.

He knows a Midlands town which has had only fifteen incendiaries, while a district on its fringe has had hundreds.

Remedy

In one London suburb, eleven detached houses cover more than 150 yards of road, yet only one householder is available for fire-watching.

The remedy, obviously, is to import watchers nightly. The authorities have power to set up depots to accommodate them.

But the register has yet to be made up and the depots built.

Two Oddities

Two points puzzle us: Why is fire-watching ranked as a sister-service to the wardens' organisation instead of being affiliated to the N.F.S.?

And why should members of regular or police brigades get £5 5s. a week when

promoted to leading firemen, whereas ex-A.F.S. men given the same rank receive only £4 a week?

Forgotten Soldiers

If the Army is serious in its efforts to fit its round pegs into round holes at long last, it should sort out the reservists called up at war's outbreak.

Because of their age, most of these trained troops were pushed into search-light battalions.

So former sergeants of the infantry, expert machine-gunners and drivers are doing anything but the job for which they had years of Regular Army training.

His War Service

Worst case known to us concerns a gunlayer, who has passed every test, but is now scrubbing latrines and wash-houses as his war effort.

The Major's Pets

A little hard work might toughen-up the Army's soft-job musicians.

Certainly their dance bands provide the boys with much-needed entertainment. But it seems unfair that hefty fellows are kept in "reserved jobs" at headquarters because they can bang a drum or tootle on a saxophone—and are given "stripes" for nothing in particular.

Fixtures

Note that we are not criticising the regular Army musicians; only those jazz merchants who have become fixtures at headquarters, and therefore able to get privileges—and extra pay—beyond the dreams of the ordinary soldier.

They can bring down their wives to the local village and wangle "living-out" passes. But let an ordinary Tommy ask for a week-end pass because his wife has come to see him—well, he won't dare to ask again!

The Hardcore

One Army unit is going to have a nice new vehicle park. Of course, the ground has to be dug up and a solid foundation put down.

And what, you bombed-out civilian, do you think is the hardcore supplied for that foundation?

Coke—excellent coke.

Now go and warm your hands at the rubble of your bombed home!

Seeing Britain

Mark you, civilian authorities are no less eager to spread waste and despondency.

Their favourite method is to send workers to jobs as far away from their homes as possible, thus wasting time and transport and straining the health and temper of the victims.

Urgent and Important

Example: some hundred Cardiff dockers were sent to Glasgow on an urgent job. They were in Glasgow for ten days, during which more than half the men did exactly half a day's work.

They are now back, having received two weeks' wages, subsistence allowance, and fares. Cost, about £2,500; hours of labour lost, about 1,600.

All Change

In some cases, workers are sent far away to one district, and others sent from that district to take their places.

Instead of leaving each group saddled with houses they cannot afford to keep up, why not a system of house exchange for the duration?

A big task, admittedly. But the whole problem is big and should be tackled in a big way.

Too Many Moves

Unfortunately, billeting has been muddled from the word "Go." And the muddles go on.

One reader has four children evacuated to the country. He has always paid their billeting fees.

Now, to suit the school authorities, one daughter has been moved to another area, and the long journey to her new school imposes an expense he cannot meet.

Why should he, anyhow?

Listen, Sir Kingsley!

Again, though Sir Kingsley Wood won't tax capital profits of wealthy speculators, he is making Welsh landladies pay income tax on the allowance paid them for billeting Civil Servants.

The allowance is 21s. a week, for which the landlady provides bed, attendance, two meals a day, heat and light. Most will be out of pocket if they pay tax.

Bare Feet in Winter

To add to evacuation troubles, there is now an acute shortage of one of life's biggest necessities—boots for children.

In reception areas, parents find that clothes coupons are useless when they try to buy shoes for the youngsters.

Is the shortage due to the boot factories switching over to war production? Shopkeepers don't think so.

Fashion-Servers

For there is no shortage of "fashion shoes" for women—the fancy things that sell for 63s. a pair.

So, in the interests of big profits, the children go short.

Skill at a Discount

Nor are we getting all the war supplies that could and should be produced.

To the many instances we have given, let us add this one:

A woman engineer, a trained tool-maker in the last war, gave up her job soon after war was declared and went into a war factory.

For more than a year she drew full wages but never had a proper job. In disgust, she then transferred to an aircraft plant.

Obstruction

She was to be chief of a factory staffed exclusively by women. That was ten months ago.

Now she has fewer than twenty girls left. For three months they had nothing at all to do.

They cannot get tools, they cannot get the right metal they want, they complain that they cannot get co-operation from men in the "mother factory" to which they are attached.

Rough Boys

Householders in a London suburb are not feeling happy at the removal of railings from their front gardens.

Gangs of youths recently arrived with sledge-hammers and proceeded to knock down gates, railings, pieces of wall and coping-stones until it seemed that an earthquake was in progress.

Irate housewives rushed out to protest against the indiscriminate destruction. The sledge-hammer men took no notice—until the police arrived.

Discretion, Please

Telephone calls established that the local council was not to blame. The contractors were employed by the Ministry of Works.

To that Ministry we express the hope that in future the policy will be discretion and not destruction.

Sleepy Justice

To police courts we offer the reminder that time counts as much as money.

Aircraft worker, summoned at an Essex town, was told to attend at 10.30 a.m. His case was heard three hours later, so a day's work was lost.

Perhaps They're Deaf

Troops billeted in empty houses in a coastal town persistently ignore warnings to black-out their quarters.

In some cases, wardens have hurled bricks through the windows. Better remedy, surely, would be a few strong words from the War Office to the C.O.

Lights of London

Latest episode in the fuss at Hampstead—where a post warden was fined for showing a light, and the wardens have now been instructed to ignore lights even if they shine across the Heath above London—is that indignant residents are complaining to the Ministry of Home Security.

We doubt if they will receive speedy satisfaction from that Whitehall dormitory. Meanwhile, no doubt, the wardens must continue to wink at strong lights.

Seven Days

Reporting that the Seventh Day Adventists appeared reluctant to leave a building urgently wanted by a Service Department, we expressed the hope that it would do so within seven days.

Well, within the week the Adventists tell us that, despite difficulties over alternative accommodation, arrangements for their removal are practically completed, and that they gave up two of their colleges to the State directly war broke out. We are glad to hear it.

Behind the News

● Latest Goebbels explanation to excuse slow progress before Moscow: "Hundreds of thousands of 'tuning fork' land mines, well hidden by beaten Soviet armies, explode by vibration of manly Nazi voices ordering advance!"

● Overstrain is said to be the cause of serious trouble with Hitler's eyes. Two oculists are now attached to his staff.

● Strained nerves have also caused him to turn against astrologers and palmists. His favourite, an old Austrian gipsy woman, who made a fortune by his patronage, committed suicide when he failed to reach Moscow on "due date."

● Output of German mines, it is officially admitted, is 50 per cent. lower wherever alien labour is employed.

● Trouble brews between Germany and Sweden. Hitler wants Swedish ships and railway stock to use against Russia now that Norwegian coastal route is too dangerous.

● R.A.F. accuracy has upset Nazi camouflage experts, who thought that £50,000,000 spent on dummy town and military targets would easily bluff R.A.F. night navigators.

● Berlin is puzzled by unknown fate of five hundred Nazi naval, air and tank experts who have not been heard of since they left Bordeaux last Spring for Japan in a "mystery" vessel.

● Norwegian patriots annoy Nazis by pointing out that half of Britain's oil and 30 per cent. of her food are carried in their ships which escaped Hitler's clutch. Only four Norwegian sailors have been killed while sailing under the Red Ensign.

● Nazis are short of "suitable administrators." More and more Nazi candidates for posts in occupied countries decline appointments from fear.

● Frank, the scourge of Poland, and Seyss-Inquart, Gauleiter of Holland, prefer travelling in Germany to residence in the countries for which they are responsible.

● Dietl, Austrian commander on Leningrad front, has been recalled for investigation by Gestapo.

● More Brownshirt leaders behind the Nazi lines in Russia are reported killed "by accidents." Accidents are guerilla bands.

STOP the STRANGLERS!

MAN-POWER, Mr. Churchill tells us, will be the dominant national need for 1942 and, to meet this need, millions of men and women are to be moved one step nearer to the front line.

The country is resolved, in fact, to draw more heavily than ever before upon its human reserves. It is even determined, should this prove necessary, to go to the practical limits of total conscription.

But, though the public is prepared for any necessary sacrifice, it is by no means willing to put up with waste. It is ready to work or fight, but not ready to fritter away its time.

And JOHN BULL warns the Government that shocking waste of time, money and man-power is still rampant in almost every sphere of national activity.

This wastage is largely caused by committees and sub-committees of all kinds, by committee-minded officialdom, and by tens of thousands of sticklers for precedent and red-tape.

These black-coated stranglers of enterprise; these highly respectable garotters of initiative; hamper and harass the workers and, if Sir Roger Keyes is to be believed, the fighting men as well. "You can't do this," they murmur blandly. "It's irregular." "You must fill in a form first." "You must pass your application through the proper channels."

It seems to us that "the proper channel" is almost always a bottle-neck, and that the industrial army is forced to stumble through a jungle of regulations in a dense red-tape undergrowth.

You want instances? We have them—by the hundred! So has the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, which recently sent a memorandum to the Prime Minister complaining of the stupendous demands made upon its members for the filling up of forms and the compilation of statistics.

The other day Mr. Stokes, the Labour M.P. for Ipswich, said that in five months his firm had been visited 110 times by 25 different inspectors!

He said it had to make some 3,000 official returns a year, and that, in order to test the departments concerned, he "faked" a number of these returns, and "got away with it" on all occasions but one.

Another M.P. revealed that, though the authorities at an airfield were anxious to move tons of aviation spirit underground, the contractor could not get his workmen and tools to the job because he could not obtain an allowance of petrol.

SMALL farmers, at their wits' end for labour in the fields, are driven frantic with them. Traders, shopkeepers, business executives and, for that matter, almost every private citizen not yet forming fours, are constantly filling in forms.

Major H. A. Proctor, Conservative M.P. for Acton, says that it takes about a hundred forms to turn a bale of cotton into a suit of clothes.

That is bad enough, but there are many regulations which lead, not only to waste of time and labour, but also to criminal waste of precious supplies.

The master of a merchant ship, unloading an American cargo in a British port, collected five tons of waste paper from his holds, but could not land it under the heavy barrage of official and semi-official objections. In the end he was advised to take his waste paper out to sea and dump it—which he did.

The reason for this? Simply that the Customs authorities regard waste paper as an

import, and that some port authorities will not allow it to be unloaded on the quay because it is inflammable.

Or, more simply still, that official regulations cannot be relaxed, though, in this instance, the Waste Paper Recovery Association and a committee of the shipping industry are working hard to break down the barriers!

Again, it recently happened that several hundreds of pounds' worth of urgently needed timber planks were thrown into the sea off a Northern port because—believe it or not—this timber had not been declared on the Bill of Lading.

The planks had been used to shore up a cargo of wheat. The hide-bound Customs authorities would not allow them to be landed. The Timber Control would not, or could not, override the Customs, and the skipper grew tired of waiting.

There has been widespread and legitimate complaint about the delay in the payment of allowances to officers' families.

Some people have blamed the Royal Army Pay Corps for this, but a retired Staff Paymaster asserts that it is due to the "multifarious and complicated regulations framed by the Civil Service Staffs of the finance and accounting branches of the War Office."

We believe him.

When it comes to transport, where there is still no national plan in operation, confusion is worse confounded.

From one factory a thousand shells were dispatched a few weeks ago by rail to the place at which they were needed.

Half of those shells took three days in transit; half of them five. Meanwhile, "owing to an oversight," another thousand shells from the same factory were loaded on lorries and delivered within ten hours!

This sort of thing is going on all over the country. It is slowing up activity of every kind. It is costing the taxpayer millions of money.

NOTHING escapes the stranglers. An Isle of Wight trader, needing two tons of onions to supply his registered customers, grew one ton on his own land.

Was he allowed to use that ton? Not a bit of it; he had to send it up to London, whence, in due course, he hopes to have it sent back to him!

Similarly, a nurseryman who used to sell his windfalls and split tomatoes locally, now has to leave them to rot because the local Food Control Committee will not give him a trading licence.

Space fails us fully to develop the case against what one of our leading novelists has described as "the red-tape-worms," but we know that our readers can amplify our evidence.

Any cases brought to our notice will be taken up promptly with the authorities.

And so we repeat our warning to Mr. Bevin and all his colleagues, that the dominant man-power problem can never be solved by the mere conscription of additional workers.

It also demands the suppression of the stranglers and a great national plan for the economic utilisation of all our resources in labour, transport and supply.

Out of the Mouths of Babes . . .

CALLING ALL CURS: V

By Gerald Kersh

I SHARE with certain others a crazy—almost a superstitious—belief that babies are important creatures.

Far be it from me to set myself up as a prophet, but I hold that the baby is a bridge between to-day and to-morrow.

It is, no doubt, a very wicked thing to say: it probably smacks of charlatanism and the stuffed crocodile of the fortune-teller—but, in my humble opinion, the Baby of to-day is the Man of to-morrow, and the ruler of the world as it is going to be.

I may be a wild theorist, but I hold that babies grow up into adults, with luck. This may be hairy-faced revolutionary stuff; but—on the basis of the idea of the baby as the potential man—it seems to me that helpless infants ought to be well cared for.

I don't mean that one's offspring ought to be given caviare and pineapples for breakfast. I simply have a feeling that they, more than adults, need the essential and easily digested proteins contained in such liquids as milk.

Milk is a substance out of which buttons and umbrella-handles may be made. It is useful to mix with rum. The Empress Poppa used to wash in it. It helps to make a nice rice pudding, custard, blancmange or face-pack. And children drink it because, in accordance with the

demands of Nature, they know no better.

Children, as all the world knows, are inconsiderate creatures. They are very young, and have not yet realised that it is the duty of the very young to protect the old.

But—no doubt fortunately for the rest of the world—there are still plenty of adults who are prepared to do their duty by children until those same children perish of malnutrition.

Hence, the Milk Racket.

A mad Government, labouring under the delusion that there is a war on, and having worked out some imbecile idea that milk comes from cows, which are, as it were, scarce, introduced a system of milk rationing.

The idea of this was wild in the extreme. It implied that children ought to get most of the best milk, and that things like milk-puddings were a species of luxury which, in the present state of affairs, adults might cut down on.

But fortunately there are still realists in this world. Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

A large number of sturdy ladies and gentlemen all over the country decided that no sentimental child-worship on the part of the authorities should deprive them of the quantity of milk to which they had grown accustomed.

Milk was available according to

the number and the ages of children in a household. All right. Invalids, suffering with certain specified ailments, were also to be entitled to extra milk-rations.

And so there arose the New Gastritis.

Gastritis being one of the disorders which warranted a milk-diet, an alarming number of grown men and women developed it.

A doctor's certificate was needed for the extra milk-ration. Applications came in a flood. The desk of every practitioner began to resemble the work-table of a share-pusher: it was elbow-deep in fake paper.

So terrifying became the state of adult health, that the list of milk-producing diseases was withdrawn from circulation.

Then the medical profession (which, on the whole, has its integrity) began to question applications. Gastritis became less prevalent.

And so now, carefully described milk-demanding symptoms are becoming a little rare.

Sufferers claim that children are all in a conspiracy against them. This may be so. I, for my part, find myself full of a strange, quite unreasonable anger. I like children, and want to see them grow up as healthy as possible.

And I feel that I might be made tolerably cheerful again if one of my readers would send me a small present: the ashes of the last milk-racketeer in a small sealed jar.

MARSHAL PÉTAIN

Dancing to Hitler's Tune



SIR.—No infamy is too foul, no ignominy too base, for your Government of quislings and defeatists.

I fear, therefore, that its latest surrender to your country's oppressors will not be its last.

No doubt there will be lower depths of dishonour to which it will stoop, greater evidence to furnish of its fawning treason.

Indeed that is evident from the results of your meeting last week with Goering.

Egged on by those two masters of intrigue, Darlan and De Brinon, you were prevailed upon to make "concessions" to the Nazis in North Africa.

In return, your own spokesmen have announced, some French colonial troops will be released from Nazi prison camps.

How much further will you be

persuaded to grovel, therefore, to gain the release of Frenchmen?

It may be that you are now too senile to remember the meaning of the word most often on your lips. Your sense of "honour," it seems, has faded with the passing of months.

But though your blue-veined and shaky hands may twist the lion's tail, the lion is still awake.

You will not find us unprepared should you attempt to trade the French Fleet away or give over the whole of French North Africa to the enemies of your people.

Before you establish yourself as history's most craven soldier, remember what happened when part of your navy attempted to run the British gauntlet, remember Syria, remember the growing anger of the great people whom you are supposed to "lead."—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P.,
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR.—I don't think you'll be glad to hear how your officials waste time, money and paper.

They are sending women inspectors to town halls to ask girl assistants there what kind of corsets they wear.

If they want to know the most popular type, surely they need ring up only one or two wholesalers? And surely these "Cooper's Snoopers" should be given something better to do?—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Slough

GENTLEMEN.—Hitler is not likely to slip to his death on the polished floors of your town hall.

So, instead of spending 77 guineas on a polishing machine, you'd help the war effort more effectively by putting the money into Defence Bonds.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,
Foreign Secretary

DEAR SIR.—Perhaps you can tell me who authorised that extraordinary broadcast by Squadron-Leader Bolitho to the U.S.A.

In tones described as of "bored patronage," he is reported to have told Americans that he did not want their honour or respect but only hamburger steaks and cigarettes.

If the report is correct, I think you will agree that his views were hardly representative of the British attitude to the struggle against the enemy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR.—There is reason to believe that you had to battle inside the Government as well as outside to get your new Conscription Bill adopted.

But you have triumphed, and by winning have made it certain that rich and poor will be treated alike, so that young women will no longer dodge the call-up because they have influential relatives.

I hope the new regulations will be a new impetus to our mobilisation.—JOHN BULL.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Kent

SIR.—An old couple—nearing the eighties—are anxious to return to their home near the coast that they left

eighteen months ago, for they cannot afford much longer to pay rent on their present billets.

But the police refuse them a permit to bring their car back to a defence area. Yet taxis are allowed to enter the area with strangers who may be spies.

I doubt if you can see any sense in the attitude of your lieutenants. Certainly I can't.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
Metropolitan Stipendiary

DEAR MR. MULLINS.—You have my support for your plea that magistrates should be able to order more than £2 a week for wives in separation cases.

That figure was fixed in 1895, and the law always lags behind the times.

Equally out of date are the variations in allowances for children; as you say, the maximum is 10s. in some cases and 20s. in others.

But there are still wider variations in the pensions, disablement allowances, and, indeed, in all the other payments authorised by law.

A grand levelling-up is overdue.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR.—Tell me, how many copies have been issued of that poster-sized paper for fire watchers, "The Midnight Watch"?

I ask because, apart from a short article on stirrup pumps, its contents are useless.

Few people, for example, can read the Russian leaflets it reproduces. But I suppose it provides unnecessary jobs for extra officials?—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF ACCOUNTANT,
Board of Trade, Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR.—Four members of one family lost their ration books. They have now received from you extra clothes coupons—in four large registered envelopes that each contained a stereotyped letter.

I could think of far bigger methods by which to waste postage and paper, but no doubt you think that every little helps to defeat rival Ministries who ask us to save.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, M.P.,
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR.—There can be only one possible reason for the crazy injustice perpetrated by your Department.

Months ago local authorities were offered a 50 per cent. grant towards the cost of air raid shelters for schools. Those who did nothing, or haggled over the terms, are now offered a 100 per cent. grant.

The explanation, obviously, is that you are anxious to teach those who get on with the job that neglect and apathy always pay.—JOHN BULL.

"Volunteers"—Now and Always

MR. CHURCHILL'S announcement that men are to be conscripted for the Home Guard in certain areas is good news—and bad.

It is bad because it reveals that many men who might have joined the Home Guard as volunteers have ignored the call of a duty at once obvious and essential; it is good because it places all such men on the same footing.

Some "old sweats" in the Home Guard—those who came forward when the shadow of the Dunkirk disaster darkened the life of the nation and the threat of invasion was grave and imminent—will not relish the change.

Ever since our first parade we have rejoiced in the title of volunteers.

We have no privates. "Volunteer Blank" goes on patrol. "Volunteer X" is detailed for company runner. "Volunteer Z" attends bomb-throwing practice or machine-gun instructional parade.

In the Home Guard to-day—I can speak only of the units I know—there is no need for conscription. There would never have been the need if all the men fit for service had answered the call.

A conscript cannot be a volunteer. Therefore it seems that we are likely to lose our privilege and become plain privates.

It won't hurt us. Many of us were plain privates in the last show, and we survived all the indignities heaped upon us.

As volunteers we have put up with a lot of things which the outsider knows

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR.—I am told that a civilian bricklayer was paid double time on Sunday for cementing the sides of a goldfish pond at an R.A.F. establishment. And painters are putting three or four coats of paint on woodwork in the offices.

Should you wish to investigate these examples of waste, I will supply the particulars.—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT,
Southend Municipal Hospital

GENTLEMEN.—It is said that some of your patients are being transferred to other hospitals without prior notification being given to relatives; one child was shifted twenty miles.

As hospitals are, noted for their humanity, I am hopeful that you will always give reasonable warning to the people concerned in future changes.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARCESSON, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR.—Apart from the allegation I privately sent you this week—an allegation of brutal beatings in a military prison—I hear disturbing accounts of the insanitary conditions and wholesale thefts that are said to obtain in Army "glasshouses."

You have, I know, wisely set up a committee of investigation. May I take it that the report will not long be deferred?—JOHN BULL.

Professor OGILVIE,
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR.—Is it true that girls on the B.B.C.'s temporary staff in the West of England are compelled to take part in rifle training, exactly as if they were combatant soldiers?

If they refuse, it is alleged, they lose their jobs.

Are you aware of this effort by your petty dictators to outdo Hitlerism?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT
By PALLAS

nothing of. We have often—
to use an old Army term—
been "mucked about."

We have survived the nettling fogging blunders of officers whose sole claim to commissioned rank is local position and prestige.

We ruined our civilian clothes and tore our hands building firing posts, digging trenches, putting up "stagers."

To-day those posts are derelict and rotting—mute evidence of the weeks when we battled against time and lack of equipment.

★ ★ ★
We have gone from post to post. Youngsters have joined us, have been trained, and have left for the Air Force, the Army, the Navy.

We have shivered unnecessarily in biting cold because some officious blighter liked the sound of his voice and the pips on his shoulder.

Yet we have survived. We have grouched and grumbled, cursed incompetence, blasted the muddlers, threatened time and again to throw up the whole ruddy show.

But we didn't. We carried on. And now, when, out of the muddle and the mess, we are emerging at last as a comparatively well-armed, useful force, we have to face other changes, perhaps the most far-reaching of all.

We will survive those changes, too. As for "volunteers." Well, what the heck! They may call the old Home Guard "sweats" privates, but the old sweats will still take inward pride in being "volunteers."

Stalin's "Cat's-Eye" Army Strikes

"SSH!" I whisper to my heart-beats, as if the Germans could hear them!

I breathe more gently. Icy air freezes my warm breath, and, fearful, I have the foolish sensation that such tiny human "vapour trails" may be seen by the foe, even through the ghostly greyed whiteness of this Russian winter night.

Fortunately, it is more grey than white. There is no moon.

My skis glide easily over snow-capped ground hard as solid steel. Their soft swish assumes fantastic dimensions in my ears, though every stone is frozen too tight to roll.

Federov, my right hand, and others of my guerilla party or commando follow in my ski marks—the moment has not yet come for us to deploy.

We have a password; and our white armlets will help us to identify each other if we get mixed up in a hand-to-hand dogfight.

Working in Silence

We know every yard of our path, every ditch. No word is spoken; each of us knows his part in the job, for orders by word of mouth or the usual signs and signals are impossible in this new night land warfare.

None risks life by so much as showing the glow of a cigarette, let alone striking a match.

I suppress a cough. Then, hold my breath as my Tommy-gun clicks against my grenades—or was it against my knife or Verey lights?

As I slow up for a moment, Federov stops just in time to avoid a collision.

Not daring to speak, I gave a slight warning hoot resembling the note of a night bird common on this Volokolamsk sector of the Moscow front, steadying the others as they approach us.

We are near our first objective—a sentry post at a hut behind a clump of bushes that our day scouts had earlier reconnoitred.

Two hundred yards beyond that is the outskirts of a "scorched earth" village with the Germans in control, glad of the meagre warmth of the ruins.

Their extermination or capture is the main objective of our night attack, in which my party plays a small but crucial rôle. Elsewhere, from several quarters a synchronised pattern of swift, silent movement is being spun.

Looking at the luminous dial of my watch, I estimate that we are within three hundred paces of the sentry post, and I decide to deploy.

I remove my skis, a sign for each man to do likewise. Then, we open out to encircle the sentry post, creeping on hands and knees and afterwards flat on our stomachs. The first to get the chance is to seize the sentry.

The time drags breathlessly by, so slowly do we edge our bodies forward after the faint outline of bushes and hut come into view. Lastly, the shadowy silhouette of the sentry. . . .

Suddenly, a figure from behind the hut leaps at the silhouette's throat. The butt of a falling Tommy-gun thuds on the frozen earth.

★ It will be long before the full story of Russia's stupendous fight can be told. Here's a close-up of one part of it

By a
GUERRILLA COMMANDER



Since tough fighters like these began the guerilla warfare, it has developed into highly organised surprise attacks by night

I am on my feet in a flash, but not fast enough for Federov.

With an arm gagging the German from behind, he has already pierced home a swift mortal blow, and his victim falls limply in the snow.

I glance at my watch again. Half an hour's more darkness before dawn. Fifteen minutes left for us to creep our way to as near as we dare approach the village ruins.

So much has been synchronised on that fifteenth minute when, if nothing miscarries, our signals will go up and red hell will break loose from ground and sky.

The first ghastly, blasted shapes of former peasants' homes appear. Near enough! Five more minutes to prepare.

Pinning the Germans

Now! Up we send our Verey lights towards these ruins. Like luminous fingers they point at the sleeping scene and light it up under their vivid glare.

The drone of aeroplane engines tells us what we already knew, "Our birds will come!"

Flash, flash, flash as the bombs thunder in the arena of light, hurling fragments of masonry perilously near our feet.

Shadowy Germans race in all directions to guns and searchlights.

Before they can meet the menace from the sky, the air onslaught is

supplemented from the ground by mine-throwers in our forward positions.

Twenty mines a minute come hurtling into that inferno, pinning Germans to flame-licked ruins or frozen earth.

As the mine-throwers reveal their positions, the German guns flack back their reply.

Immediately, they become a mark for a second wave of bombers, who with their bombs mix incendiaries and Verey lights to freshen up the illumination. Their aim is to keep the Germans fighting in the light while we attack from the dark.

By now our tanks have moved forward along approaches reconnoitred by day, and are pounding away as mobile artillery. Our light artillery and machine-guns advance on sledges, with infantry following on skis.

Among the Ruins

All firearms employed are fitted with special devices for firing at night.

The assault is now carried right into the ruins, my party joining in with Tommy-guns and grenades.

Prisoners are made, for questioning.

We drive them before us as the whole attacking force swiftly moves back to our positions as break of

dawn begins to expose us to the fire of neighbouring forces. . . .

This new night warfare has from the start been part of our systematic plan to destroy Germans.

Many units of the Red Army are specially trained for it and entirely devote themselves to it. It was dictated by the elementary truth that men must sleep—including tired day-fighting Germans.

Their High Command got a big surprise when, bringing Battle of France methods to Russia, they found that many Red Army units do not sleep at night and are giving the Germans no sleep either.

Recently, the "invincible" strategists once again copied a Russian innovation, though their method aims more at creating fear in our rear and forcing a territorial retreat than in destroying man and machine power.

I have fought them in several of their night sorties.

A useful guide to where their attack may come is where they discontinue day operations towards evening but continue reconnaissance.

Immediately, our shock troops reconnoitre the probable path of a night assault. Artillery positions are moved,

Human Machine

JUST BE DUMB

● Can you think of nothing? Maybe you're surprised at being asked such a silly question? Be patient; it isn't really silly!

It is one of the hardest things in the world to empty your mind and just become dumb.

It is also one of the most useful things in the world. It is one of the surest ways of learning to be tranquil in the face of doubt and difficulty, one of the best ways of solving troubles, resolving perplexities and avoiding worry.

To think actively and positively is, of course, one of the really great abilities. Aren't we always saying so?

Nevertheless, there is another side to mental activity, and that is the ability to be inactive—to be receptive.

Not to be negative—that is not the other aspect of being positive; for being negative implies an activity of resistance and resentment. No; being inactive and therefore receptive is quite another thing.

It needs training. It needs practice. It needs considerable strength of mind and considerable will-power.

But it is very important to learn to do it. You can only worry, for instance, if you thrash your brains around trying desperately to think up solutions of difficulties that probably don't really exist.

Sit back and relax. Don't think of the bogies. Think of nothing.

Your mind will, nine times out of ten, provide the solution without you having to bother.

It's a fact. Try it.

and tanks and machine-guns are trained on that path.

Units like mine take particular note of inflammable objects like wooden buildings, barns, haystacks, so that if an assault is made they can be fired in addition to Verey lights to illuminate the Germans while we ourselves remain in darkness.

Sentries are posted with lights for signalling purposes, advance guards with fire-bottles.

They are wide awake for the Germans' usual approach—a spearhead of Tommy-gunners with infantry covering their flanks.

Once in our rear, this spearhead opens up a terrific fire and sends up a real firework display of Verey lights with the aim of bluffing us into the belief that we are surrounded and must retreat.

Pandemonium is heightened by a furious artillery bombardment of our vacated gun positions. Our defence silenced, their infantry move forward.

Hurricane of Fire

Our defence then wakes up. Buildings, barns, stacks are fired by stationed guards, Verey lights go up, and the German infantry come under a hurricane of fire from tanks, machine-guns and Tommy-guns trained on the illuminated path.

Our night defence and offence aims less at position-holding and taking than in destroying man-power.

It has given a dominant new place to night fighting in land warfare.

The Germans, failing to realise its possibilities during the Battle of France, did not grasp its importance till the fire-power behind that novel phrase in the Soviet communiqués, "The battle continued throughout the night," kept them up after bedtime!

- ★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE
- ★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED
- ★ FEEL YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE

Write to "John Bull" about It!

THE TOTTERING

WITH the mighty crescendo of events in Russia and Libya the war has reached its peak. The end may still be far off, but it is in these titanic struggles that the ultimate decision is taking shape.

Whatever that decision may be, one major fact is emerging into the realm of certainty. *Hitler has shot his bolt.* The magic of his insane personality is shattered.

Wherever the seat of power may be in Germany to-morrow, it is passing from Hitler to-day.

For consider what has happened. The Russian gamble was his personal throw of the iron dice. It was so much his own adventure that he took care that he alone should have the glory. No one was to share it with him.

He entered on it in the teeth of the opposition of his military advisers. Men like von Leeb and von Rundstedt were notoriously hostile. They stood by the Bismarckian maxim, "Never fall out with Russia."

Even Hitler's fellow gangsters were horrified at the prospect. Goering was put into cold storage for his opposition. Hess's flight to this country was a panic-stricken attempt to avert the catastrophe by buying our support.

Bitter experience has taught us to be cautious, but a time has come in Hitler's affairs that justifies some definite conclusions

Says A. G. GARDINER

As for the people of Germany, all credible witnesses agree that the invasion spread universal fear.

But all were helpless. That is the penalty of being a nation of sheep. That is the Nemesis of idolatry.

They had made a god in their own image. They had put a bloodthirsty maniac in the seat of the Almighty. And they have to take the consequences.

★ ★ ★

GERMANY TO-DAY IS THREATENED WITH THE GREATEST MILITARY DISASTER IN HISTORY.

In six weeks, in ten weeks at most, said the miracle-worker, all will be over. Russia will be in the dust. I shall announce my New Order from the Red Square of Moscow, and with my rear secure turn to the final grapple with Britain.

Who does not recall the fanfares of trumpets in July and August announcing the

"annihilation" of the Russian armies? The last reserves of the enemy had been flung in. The road is open to Moscow, said Hitler. Nothing bars the way.

Six months have passed. The fanfares are heard no more. The voice of Goebbels is attuned to another key.

It is now a voice choking with tears—tears about the weather, about the guerillas, about the numbers of the enemy, that enemy which had been so often "annihilated."

Choking, too, with fears—fears of that nation of sheep, mad sheep, which have been driven to the slaughter by the god of their idolatry, and will turn and rend what they have worshipped.

For, whatever happens now, the Russian gamble has issued in a colossal defeat. Even if Moscow falls, it will still be that. Not one of the prizes has been seized. Not one of the objectives has been reached.

The Russian army is undefeated. The Russian Government is unbroken. The spirit of Russia is undismayed. Leningrad, Moscow, the Caucasus are intact.

In the depth of winter, from the White Sea to the Black Sea, the mightiest army ever assembled sprawls in the shelterless deserts of snow.

Six hundred miles from its sources of supply, unprepared and ill-clad for the terrific ordeal that was never anticipated, it lies open and defenceless against the rigours of a savage climate.

★ ★ ★

HERE IS THE CALAMITY TO WHICH HITLER HAS BROUGHT THE FLOWER OF HIS NATION. IN HIS AMBITION TO SUCCEED WHERE NAPOLEON FAILED HE HAS INVITED A PUNISHMENT WHICH MAY WELL BE MORE RUTHLESS THAN THAT WHICH NAPOLEON SUFFERED.

It can hardly fail to be more fatal to himself. For Napoleon was the idol of the army and made a brief recovery from his Moscow.

But Hitler has never been the idol of the army chiefs. He is a leather-lunged spell-binder who seized power by his mob oratory, his political cunning and his private Brown Shirt army.

He served the purpose of the army chiefs by tearing up the Treaty of Versailles; restoring conscription and turning Germany into an arsenal.

They accepted him as their tool so long as he served their ends, and created the power which they could use.

But they hate his internal system and his personal dictatorship. They hate Ribbentrop and Goebbels. Most of all they hate the rival power of the Gestapo.

And though his prestige compelled them to yield to him on the Russian gamble, they did so with the determination that if he was to have the glory of success to himself he also should pay the price of failure.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHY USE GERMAN WORDS?

● Readers write in complaining of such German words as "Blitz" and "Panzer" in describing our own military operations.

"Why not speak of our 'armoured' divisions?" they ask.

They need have no fear about the English language. It has always adopted and adapted foreign words for its own purposes, discarding them when they proved unsuitable.

It was not till the Boer War that the words "khaki" and "puttee" came from India. They became part of the language.

On the other hand, the word "ersatz" was greatly used during the last war, but then forgotten until "Guns before butter" made all-round imitation necessary in Germany.

"Blitz," no doubt, will become part of our common tongue. Why not?

Expressive and short, it will almost certainly be used whenever the air raids on London or Coventry are described. It is now part of our island story.

"Gangster" and "gunman" are quite recent importations from America.

It is because the English language has been continually added to and extended that it is the most expressive of all tongues.

WHY PAY BANKS WAR COMMISSIONS?

● A commission of 2s. 6d. per cent. is paid to bankers on subscriptions to War Loan bearing their stamp. Since the war began they have been paid £375,000! Yet all the cost of advertising, printing, etc., is borne by the State.

Is it fair that the wealthy bankers should make such easy money in war time?

No, it is not. But, come rain or shine, come slump or boom, come war or peace, "the City" gets its rake-off.

And, until our banking system is State-controlled, it will continue to exploit more than its share, and, largely, to control our destinies.

Control of money is the most necessary of all far-reaching reforms.

Yet who are 45,000,000 people compared with the Big Five?

WHY ARE GERMANS DIFFERENT?

● Although I do not accept Lord Vansittart's idea that there is something inherently wrong with the German character, it must be remembered, when you read of the massacre of Rostov, in which civilians have been murdered by the score, that the Nazi system which now controls Germany began with treachery, murder and bludgeoning, and lived on it.

We should always realise that charges are made against any invading army which, from the point of view of the civilian population, is repressive. Frequently it has to ensure its own safety by stamping out incipient revolt.

But the horror of Rostov and the atrocities which, in recent months, have added to the history books some of their most terrible pages have happened because of the Nazi doctrine of race superiority. It is a fundamental part of Hitler's philosophy that the end justifies the means, that Germans as such are so much superior to other people that others do not matter.

In the last war we may unconsciously have exaggerated German atrocities.

This time, they are boasted about by the guilty before they start.

Mind you, Hitler has behaved as badly to sections of his own people as he has behaved abroad. His is a form of sadistic megalomania.

SHOULD THEY RATION EVERYTHING?

● Many folk now argue that it would be much less confusing and more fair if all essentials—food-stuffs, medical supplies and clothing, for instance—were controlled by the Government.

What they do not admit, however, is that they themselves might be the first to protest against a form of control that affected them.

Had the Government used, eighteen months ago, the all-in powers it obtained from Parliament, we might long since have been living on a "rent and food" basis, paid only with chits.

When that chance was missed—at the time, the nation applauded the scheme—we went back to the old system of drift.

People do not appreciate how difficult it is to change a form of Liberalism—it is under that, we live—into a semi-totalitarian state.

Bossdom can only be fought by a method of unified control. We all, or nearly all of us, know that. But we still object, each one of us, to that part of the control that affects us as individuals.

We all want to eat our cake and have it. I do. So do you.



DOL

It is also to be remembered that they have many personal reckonings to settle with him. For example, the murder of Schleicher, the dismissal of Blomberg, the mystery of von Fritzsche and many more.

Moreover, men like von Leeb, brought up in the tradition of Moltke, are alarmed at the avalanche of barbarism that Hitler has released upon Europe.

The Prussian machine was always brutal, but it was not insane. It used frightfulness, as in the last war. But it was a means, not an end. It was not an orgy of murders and destruction for its own sake.

★ ★ ★
NOW the opportunity of the army has come. The legend of Hitler as the miracle-monger is blown on.

The terrific truth about the Russian catastrophe is seeping through the Goebbels lie factory into the mind of Germany.

AND AS IT SPREADS THE STAR OF HITLER IS ECLIPSED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE ARMY. THE GREAT WAR MACHINE OF GERMANY IS SNOW-BOUND IN RUSSIA AND ALL THE WORLD KNOWS WHO PUT IT THERE.

And the High Command has the job of salvaging the wreck that Hitler's gamble has left. Hitler will remain for a time as the figurehead of political power.

The fall of the idol must be accomplished cautiously, for his sudden disappearance would shake Germany to its foundations.

But the idol is undermined and tottering.

A straw in the wind is significant. It is the re-emergence of Goering.

For months past, especially since the invasion of Russia, he has been out of the picture.

Germany has hummed with rumours of his disgrace, even of his arrest.

Last week mystery surrounded "the high German personality" whom the traitors of Vichy had summoned to meet and from whom they were to receive their marching orders.

When the hood of mystery was lifted it disclosed the fat frontispiece of Fire-raiser Goering. *The man of the army.*

★ ★ ★
What effect the transfer of power to the army will be upon the strategy of the war it would be useless to guess. Equally futile would it be to speculate on the consequent political manoeuvres.

Nor is it necessary. "There's one thing," said Sherman in the Civil War, "in which Grant has us all beat. He don't care a damn what the enemy is doing out of sight; but it scares me like hell."

In more decorous language, we must act like Grant. We must prepare for every emergency and meet it with an iron will to destroy the curse of Prussian militarism by whomsoever it is led.

But the crash of this monstrous idol, however camouflaged, will shake the morale of the German nation.

When "Hell, Hitler!" is a mockery and a shameful memory of failure the end will be in sight.

★ Canteens for war workers are increasing at the rate of 100 a week, declares Lord Woolton. Excellent! But are they filling the menu?

A GRAND job awaits three busy men—Mr. Bevin, Lord Woolton and Lord Beaverbrook. They're big men all right. But the job will demand a good deal of their time, a lot of their determination and all their organising ability.

It can be described in a few words: See that workers get food at work!

Millions of them aren't getting it. Millions more are getting too little of it.

Some nasty things were said on the subject in Parliament the other day.

JOHN BULL won't repeat them, for we had already made our own inquiries and we shall just report the results without criticism.

First we looked round Nottingham.

Why Nottingham? Because it is typical of the industrial centres that have many, many small workshops and factories not covered by the compulsory canteen order.

Hopelessly Inadequate

Every week sees an increase in the number of workers, both on day and night shifts, employed in such premises.

Nottingham has 41,000 women in industry.

But the communal feeding centres can serve only 2,000 people a day.

And they serve only one meal a day—nothing before 11.45 a.m. or after 2.30 p.m.

At the biggest of the three main British Restaurants a JOHN BULL man found a queue of hundreds waiting to be served.

Their dinner period, they said, was from 12.30 till one, and it was already five minutes past one.

"Of course there'll be a row when we get back late," some of them told him with a shrug.

By 1.15 the queue stretched down two streets.

It was absolutely impossible, said the manageress, to feed anything like the number who wanted a meal.

Our representative next looked round the workshops.

In many of them the workers cannot even make a cup of tea during the shift—yet most of them are working twelve-hour shifts.

Night workers can get nothing except what they bring from home. And now the milk shortage makes it impossible for many of them even to take a can of tea to keep for the cold small hours.

Unless these conditions are quickly remedied, how will it be possible to increase production—or prevent it from falling?

The Worst Service

After Nottingham, it was a relief to tour great factories where canteens have been set up under the Ministry of Labour's scheme.

Many of these big factory canteens are good, some very good.

Yet many others whose management has been entrusted to outside contractors seem to have adopted as their slogan: "You want the worst service; we have it."

Think first of a minor disaster.

In hardly any canteens is it possible to get a hot drink before eight in the morning, though the



The ideal: an American works canteen. It is the type needed for millions of British war workers

Here's a Big Job for 3 Big Men

night shift may "knock off" at 6.30 and have an hour to wait for a "bus home."

A minor point? Yes, but it's the little things in life that have the biggest effect on morale.

Some Midland workers have told us that they are away from home for fifteen hours, leaving at 5.30 in the evening and not returning until nearly nine the next morning.

A hot drink when ending the shift would make a grand difference to their morale—and their health.

Many complaints have been made against the service and quality of food provided in some of the factory canteens.

In one case it was only the insistence of a woman inspector that secured hot soup for certain night workers.

Trouble from the Start

And now the frankly bad canteen. That chosen by JOHN BULL as an illustration serves the workers on an important new airfield.

There was trouble from the start. More than a hundred workers were employed before the canteen was finished.

The canteen staff had to try to cook breakfast, dinner and tea for the hundred on a single coal stove in the open.

Even after seven months, when more than six hundred men were engaged, the cookhouse had only four small coal fires.

The canteen had nine managers in nearly as many weeks. In a recent week, indeed, three managers came and went!

One morning the men went on strike. "No breakfast, no work," was their ultimatum.

So, instead of helping the war effort, they were taken round the countryside in specially hired motor coaches in search of breakfast and returned to the airfield about dinner-time!

In all, that strike cost the country about £750.

Since then there has been another strike.

You can't wonder at it. The tinned "ham roll" served to the men was so bad that it could be smelled outside the dining hall.

Tea is served in metal jugs, bought second-hand when most of the linings had worn away, leaving a corrosive metal that turns the liquid reddish-grey in colour.

One day thirty men were struck down with dysentery and other stomach disorders.

At another airfield the food was so bad that the infuriated workmen smashed up the canteen.

From canteens that supply excellent fare a very different complaint arises. Theft!

Ministry of Food investigators are inquiring into the disappearance of all sorts of foodstuffs from canteens run by voluntary organisations.

They have found that women workers have been taking enough eggs to supply their families every day.

Each night these canteen "helpers" flich jam, sugar, ca, butter, meat and other provisions.

There are other causes for grumbling in the war-work towns. In brief, the whole subject evidently needs the consideration—and collaboration—of our Three Big Men.

While they are deciding the principles and establishing the practices of industrial catering, Bevin, Woolton and Beaverbrook should take into account an allied factor.

That is the opportunity for home shopping.

The woman war-worker must be able to buy food for her family, and the blunt appeals of Mr. Bevin are still being ignored by many employers and retailers.

If the woman is on day shift, she leaves for work before the shops are opened and gets back after they are shut.

Four Hours in Bed

If on night work, she returns home desperately tired between 7.30 and 9 in the morning, and has to do shopping and housework before she goes to bed.

One woman tells us that she is lucky if she gets four hours in bed.

If she leaves the shopping until she has rested, she discovers that all the food she wants has been sold to early-comers.

Some employers have wisely devised the shifts so that all their women employees have a chance to do their household shopping.

But they are in a pathetically, monstrously small minority.

And that is why the majority complain bitterly of absenteeism among their women workers.

Equally clearly, two reforms are necessary:

One hot meal, as well as hot drinks, should be available to every industrial worker on every shift every day of the week.

Every woman should be given facilities to shop for her family.

A big, grand job. JOHN BULL believes that, between them, Mr. Bevin, Lord Woolton and Lord Beaverbrook should and could tackle it.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

HOW TO STOP WAR GRAFT

BRIBERY in the piping days of peace was a very serious crime, punishable by heavy penalties.

In war time, when it is, unfortunately, increasing, the most drastic measures should be taken to put it down, particularly when the offenders are men holding important official positions.

With all the war contracts which have to be placed with large and small firms in different parts of the country, and the speed with which they have to be executed, there are necessarily more temptations than ever for the grafters.

Local authorities, often guilty of faulty administration, cannot be too freely blamed in many cases, because the burdens on them are heavier through quicker call-ups and through competent officials going constantly into the Services.

Ministry Allegations

While opportunities for grafters become greater, the possibility of detection grows accordingly more remote.

At the present time Scotland Yard officers are investigating allegations that officials attached to a certain Ministry have been taking money in connection with work undertaken by contractors on sites in more than one part of Great Britain.

Primarily, these allegations relate to faulty work which was paid for after being favourably reported upon.

Take some of our great cities. Look at Glasgow, where the local Chamber of Commerce is deeply concerned over a series of ugly facts which have come to light steadily during the last year or so.

In what is now a regularly flowing stream, councillors and officials—even magistrates—have been found guilty of betraying the community they were elected and paid to serve with the highest standard of rectitude and honesty.

Here is the kind of thing which has been going on in Glasgow.

Hugh Campbell, lately in Barlinnie Prison, was a magistrate. Everyone respected him. But it was discovered he had a weakness for taking money "to show favours."

He called some of his brother magistrates "the boys."

He went to a man in trouble over a liquor licence, and said "the boys look upon the licensing court as a happy hunting-ground."

Everything could be suitably arranged, and the law defeated, if a specific sum was paid him on behalf of five other magistrates and himself.

Very properly the man went to the police, and the money was handed over under their instructions.

Dirty Deals

That was merely one instance.

Sums like £100, £50 and £25 were traced to him and other magistrates in regard to the granting of a £336,000 war contract. For he was a councillor as well as a magistrate, as were some of his colleagues who participated in his dirty deals.

After visits to London and Portsmouth, favourable reports to the Glasgow Corporation resulted in a certain firm getting a contract for £271,961; it was said that £2,000 was the grafters' original price, but they lowered their demands for "showing favour" in the end.

Some of the grasping offenders were conveners to the local Corporation. Others were supposedly responsible members of different committees.

But, although so highly esteemed, they were willing to sacrifice the trust imposed in them for their own ends.

A Petroleum Office official received sums of money for petrol irregularities.

Bribery for Promotion

Another Glasgow councillor, Robert Young Gemmell, who is an ex-magistrate and held the position of convener of the local Police Committee, is in prison at the present time.

The charges against him were that he solicited money from a Corporation employee as an inducement to securing him promotion.

He approached another councillor and attempted to bribe him to assist him in achieving his ends, but his scheme was reported to the authorities.

His public service is now at an end, and a long and honourable career ruined.

What are the Glasgow authorities doing to prevent similar cases in the future?

Things have now become so grave in Glasgow that the suggestion was openly made recently that a secret graft organisation exists to secure contact with councillors and other "touchables."

The Glasgow Chamber of Commerce has held numerous meetings, with the commendable object of endeavouring to find some means of ending civic graft.

They have framed some estimable suggestions which I commend should be adopted by local councils and boroughs in all parts of the country where bribery has been not only alleged but actually discovered.

Because I regard them as of the



It's up to Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, to see that extra precautions are taken

highest and most far-reaching importance, I give the Chamber's recommendations in full:

Committees of departments of the Corporation who are responsible for local government activities should not have the placing of local contracts.

A carefully selected panel of the Corporation should be formed, with an independent chairman, through which all contracts, purchases and sales are passed.

Sealed tenders should be sent to this panel, and only opened when the tenders are all in.

Committees and departments should not have access to the figures until the panel is in a position to place the contracts.

And—the decision of the panel should be final.

What has happened in Glasgow is happening elsewhere.

That is why the Ministry of Health, which in the main is responsible over all local council administration, should try to ensure that all the vital loopholes to which I have drawn attention are removed as speedily as possible.

Four Schemes to Ignore

IHAVE received many hundreds of letters from readers in all parts of the country seeking advice about a scheme headed "Xmas Appeal for the Forces," which is being run by a man named R. J. Milne, from an address in Station Road, Redhill, Surrey.

The name of a reputable organisation is given on tickets which are sent out unsolicited, but the methods employed are in my view undesirable.

Recipients are asked to sell the tickets at sixpence each, deduct two shillings for their trouble, and remit the balance to Mr. Milne.

Appeals of this kind are made every year in some form or other, and, quite apart from the legality or otherwise of this particular enterprise, there is no check whatever on the tickets, nor are inquiries made as to the people entrusted with their sale.

Leave it alone!

TWO years ago I called the offers made by "Wyshwel Amulets," Topping Street, Blackpool, "drivel." For years

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. E. M. Carroll, Rydal Drive, Bezeley Heath, Kent, receives this week's £1 ls. for interesting information.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

its proprietor has been advertising trashy charms which are supposed to bring good luck to their wearers.

The bait now is that wearers will win prizes in football pools, and so on.

"Drivel" is still the word!

* * *

WAR time use is now being made, too, of the old chain letter fetish. People are invited to send money to hole-in-the-corner "war" charities and are told that bad luck will come to them if they break the chain.

Superstitious folk send money in fear, but sensible men and women will merely add the letters to their waste-paper salyage.

* * *

MORE inquiries are steadily coming in about home-work and spare-time employment propositions, some of which are new to me, and are being advertised under Box numbers and Monomark initials.

One man offers to teach clients how to make and sell what he calls a "Magic Annihilator" for two shillings, and another how to make salesmen of babies for half-a-crown!

Many use wads of precious paper to push their fee-snatching enterprises which on their own face value are not worth bothering with. People often only have themselves to blame when they send money for such rubbish.

Are the Points Coupons Fair to All?

By Barbara Ayrton Gould

(Labour Party Food Investigator)

HERE are some of the comments I have heard about "Points" in operation:

"A splendid scheme."

"No use at all!"

"All right if you can get down early to the big shops, but not much help to the housewives who are on war-work."

"You don't do badly if you are on the night-shift and can get to the grocer first thing in the morning before you go to bed."

"I still can't get a tin of salmon."

Unfortunately not one war worker I have met has really found the scheme a success.

It is true that this is partly due to our dislike of any new kind of food. They are afraid to spend precious coupons on American canned meats they have never tasted.

Left to Wholesalers

But even when spam, mor and treet have become popular there will still be grave discrepancies between the opportunities provided for different classes of shoppers.

They are inevitable while the monthly rations are not tied up to registration and the wholesalers can make their allocations where and how they please to their retailers.

Let us see what happens.

Messrs. X and Y, best grocers in town, who have always dealt in high class goods, have from pre-war times traded with a number of large wholesalers.

Under the new scheme each of these wholesalers has his allocation from the Ministry of Food of all the different canned goods that come into the Points groups. But he is free to distribute the goods to his retailers in any way he pleases without any control of allocation.

He knows from Messrs. X and Y, and the other firms of the same class whom he supplies, exactly what sort of goods will please their high-class customers.

The wholesaler, being human, will be anxious to give satisfaction to his most profitable customers.

Since all the foodstuffs in the Points groups are on short supply—otherwise there would be no point in having Points!—there is nothing left for the little grocer but the goods least in demand by the general public.

Chances are that the housewife who has no time to roam abroad and find the tin of salmon that may still be lurking in a corner of some "better class" grocer's, will be offered "a nice tin of beans."

The Early Birds

This will be particularly so if she is not one of the lucky ones who can go out first thing in the morning and secure a share of the tiny proportion of canned meat or fish which may have been sent to the grocer with whom she generally deals.

It would be perfectly easy to have fair allocations of all the tinned foods.

All that is necessary is that everyone should be registered for their Points in groups, as they are for other alternative foodstuffs on short supply.

The goods would then be compulsorily allocated from the wholesalers to the retailers, and every month all the customers would be automatically entitled to their ration of meat or fish as they are at present to jam or marmalade.

Indeed, it would have been both simpler and cheaper for the Ministry of Food to add canned foods to the existing rations instead of issuing all the new pink books.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

SOMETIMES, to dream is to live, and to awaken is to die. Then let those who live dream on, if they live on dreams. . . .

The tales I tell you here are supposed to be true. I cannot possibly vouch for the truth—the factual truth—of this. Yet I must class it as a true story.

The lady, whom I call Miss Clayton, told it to me in confidence. If Miss Clayton had not died in the September blitz I could not tell it to you. But she is dead.

"Clayton is not her real name. The story can hurt nobody, because she died as she lived—quite alone.

It is true, because it represented all that Miss Clayton had to cling to in life. To her it was more real than the demonstrable facts of her life; her poor, forlorn, lonely spinster's life. . . .

Miss Clayton, when I knew her, looked like a house in which no fire has ever been lit. She was a woman of forty-five, who had somehow lived in the quiet backwaters of things.

I beg you not to be angry with these women, who seem so calm in their quiet detachment from the sordid facts of life: they are never so happy as they appear to be.

She was the elder of two daughters. Her sister was pretty: she was not. She lived a life of calm-seeming frustration, devoted body and soul to an aged mother.

When her mother died (the pretty sister had married long before, and passed out of her life), Miss Clayton inherited a small, secure income. She was very lonely. There was nothing for her to be anxious about, but, all the same, she felt disorganised.

She simply did not know what to do. For a little while she stayed at a holiday resort on the South Coast. But then she wanted to go away . . . a long way away, beyond everything she had ever known.

Those who knew her, or thought they knew her, saw a calm, plain-faced English lady of middle age, whom nothing could disturb. But she was unhappy.

She left England in 1936, and went to France.

She went to stay at an hotel of unquestionable respectability. The name of it, translated into English, was *The Hotel of Saint Charles and Saint James*.

This was in a tiny town on the Mediterranean. It was a queer, quiet hotel, with an atmosphere of great age about it. Hers was Room 14. Nobody else was staying on her floor, she thought.

She walked in the sunlight, and let her tired soul relax. Time passed.

THEN, one morning, as she was leaving her room to go out, a gentleman came out of the room next to hers, Room 15. She does not know exactly what it was about him that caused her heart to beat faster.

He was a man of middle years, a Frenchman by his appearance; quietly dressed, unobtrusively bearded, and carrying with him a certain air of sweetness and amiability which caused Miss Clayton to like him at first sight. He bowed very politely as they passed in the passage.

She thought of him all day, and hoped to see him again.

Sure enough, when she was going back to her room after dinner that night, she saw him opening the door of Room 15. His face lit up as he saw her. He made no noticeable gesture of recognition, but she could not mistake the pleasure that came into his face at the sight of her.

To her astonishment, she found herself smiling at the gentleman from Room 15. He smiled back, bowed, opened his door, and went into the room, and so locked himself away. They met again next morning.

The Man in Room 15

He had nothing to say. He smiled and bowed. She began to spin little dreams about this strange, shy gentleman. Why was he living there all alone, she wondered. Why did he keep away from the dining-room?

Miss Clayton said that she was rather shocked to find herself so deeply interested in a strange man, to whom she had never been introduced. Yet in spite of the all-powerful reserve that came of her upbringing, she felt strongly tempted to make inquiries about him.

On one occasion, at least, she was on the point of a direct question when she paid her weekly bill to the proprietress of the hotel. But she said nothing.

She could not bring herself to ask who this man might be, who occupied the room next to hers. People would talk. The very thought of it brought blood to her face. So she said nothing.

MISS CLAYTON yearned for conversation with that sweet-faced quiet gentleman who lived next door; but it was quite impossible for her to make the first approach.

After three weeks she screwed up her courage to the point of (do not laugh at this poor lady) dropping her handkerchief as he passed. He picked it up immediately, and returned it to her.

She waited for a word. He said nothing.

As he let the little piece of linen drop from his fingers into her outstretched hand Miss Clayton was overcome by a strange sense of desolation. She felt that she was in the presence of somebody who, like herself, was suffering in a manner too subtle for explanation.

He was dreadfully lonely, she felt; hungry for companionship, like herself; and, like herself, unspeakably shy.

She caught a glimpse of his eyes: they were deeply sad and full of a baffled yearning. Her heart, she said, beat so that she could scarcely stand upright.

"Thank you," she said.

The strange gentleman said: "It is a great pleasure." Then he went away.

She heard the door of his room open and close. When she was about to go down to dinner she saw him again. He seemed to be waiting for her. She smiled, and said:

"Good evening, monsieur."

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he replied. Then, after a pause, during which Miss Clayton felt oddly uneasy, he said:

"I . . . I observe that you sometimes walk by the cliffs in the evening."

"Why, yes," said Miss Clayton.

"I should like to walk on the cliffs with you, too," he said. "I think you are very sympathetic" (He was speaking in French, you understand.) "Perhaps we might, some time, walk together on the cliffs. . . ."

Miss Clayton did not know what to say. She smiled. He smiled back, shyly. "Perhaps," she said, with pathetic coquetry.

"To-night," said the gentleman from Room 15.

"I shall take my little walk as usual," said Miss Clayton, marvelling at her boldness.

That evening she walked on the cliffs rather later than usual. The gentleman did not come. She was very disappointed.

She had to admit, to herself, that she had come to like that man . . . to feel a strange devotion to him. She returned to her room. He was not in the passage.

She turned on her light. Something attracted her attention.

On her pillow lay a bunch of fresh violets, which gave out a perfume of ineffable sweetness.

She sat down at her little table and wrote a note. It began: *Dear Sir*, and went on, in the most discreet of language, to thank the gentleman for his gift, his charming flowers.

She slipped out, with a beating heart, and pushed the note, sealed, under the door of Room 15. Next morning she looked for him. He was not there. She knew, in her heart, that—fantastic as it might seem—he was her friend, her only friend, and he loved her.

But a fortnight passed, and she never saw him again.

At last she asked the chambermaid about him. "Who is that gentleman in Room 15?"

The girl replied: "There is no gentleman in Room 15. There is nobody in Room 15."

That same morning Miss Clayton knocked on the door marked 15. There was no reply.

She turned the handle and the door opened. The room was unfurnished, quite empty. The floor was thick with dust, which, for years, no foot had disturbed. Her note lay on the floor in the dust.

Was it a dream? She says that it



She does not know exactly what it was about him that caused her heart to beat faster

was not. Miss Clayton was ashamed to speak of the matter to the proprietress of the hotel.

She said nothing . . . only that night, she prayed. The violets were real: the chambermaid knew nothing of them. It is possible that somehow, out of the infinite, some lonely, wandering soul had reached out and found her.

She stayed there, waiting, for three years, until the war broke out. She never saw the gentleman again. In 1939 she came back to England. In 1940 she died. I am sure she rests in peace.

We'll Remember This Brute

NEWs of the bestial cruelties inflicted on Russian prisoners immediately recalled to my mind pictures from the Russian front of a tall, youthful General—Sepp Dietrich.

Tough Bavarian, with a brutish face, he is commander of S.S. Black Guards, and his presence in occupied Soviet territory explains all the hideous atrocities.

★ ★ ★

Dietrich joined Hitler many years ago, and became his personal bodyguard during the turbulent beerhouse rallies of the early days.

Almost illiterate, he is the object of quiet ridicule even among the Nazis, and is incapable of conducting an intelligent conversation. This has made him the ideal silent listener to Hitler's megalomaniac monologues.

But he has other qualities which are responsible for his high rank in the Nazi hierarchy. He helped to organise Hitler's ever-increasing bodyguard until it grew into the vast terror force of over 1,000,000 men.

Dietrich himself picked those "purely Aryan" gangsters, and the world knows what they did in Germany before the war started.

In the concentration camps, where thousands of innocent people were herded, they devised all kinds of horrible torture appliances in preparation for the

day when they would follow Hitler's armies into conquered countries.

Cruelty—the more ruthless the better—was the backbone of their training, and Sepp Dietrich was the perfect teacher.

The S.S. were the first Nazi units to be sent to conquered countries on plundering expeditions, and as an outsized execution squad that has by now murdered thousands and thousands.

But these gangsters, who were trained to terrorise unarmed civilians, were never meant to fight on a battle-front. Hitler and Himmler have always publicly described them as "guardians of the German home front," and none of the S.S. ruffians expected ever to face an opponent who would dare to shoot back at them.

★ ★ ★

The great German losses on the Russian front have forced Hitler to employ the S.S. in battle.

But there could never be any doubt about how they would treat what prisoners they were able to take. Molotov's revelations do not come as a surprise to those who know the record of Dietrich and his men.

Russian and British soldiers who meet them in action will remember this record. By wiping the S.S. gangsters from the face of the earth, they will leave it a cleaner, a happier place to live in.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

★ The free newspapers of Europe not only defy all the efforts to suppress them, but are increasing circulation and influence among the enslaved peoples!

By VIVIAN MEIK

GOEBBELS and Himmler call them the *Verflucht Blätter*—the damnation sheets.

But to 100,000,000 Nazi-ridden slaves in occupied Europe, their secret newspapers—*Les Journaux Clandestins* of the "V" army—are the signs of salvation.

To-day more than 80 such "sheets" are supplying their needs in a dozen overrun countries; at least five of them are published inside Germany and Italy.

Though the Gestapo have placed 7,000 spies on the special duty of hunting down the organisers, no single editor or publisher has yet been betrayed. Instead, circulation is going up by leaps and bounds.

The continued publication of these papers is all the more remarkable because the Nazis—all Europe, in fact—know the manner in which they are distributed.

The most popular is a letter-box delivery during the black-out, but quite a considerable proportion are passed from hand to hand in a number of ingenious but always simple ways.

Because the "sheets" must necessarily be small—sometimes the print is not much larger than a pin's head—it is not difficult, for instance, to roll them up to look like a cigarette. Even the Nazis cannot stop a man offering a compatriot a smoke.

There is no charge for the journal, but the recipient is in duty bound to pass it on to a friend whenever possible.

Perhaps the best known of them all is *La Libre Belgique*, the direct descendant of its predecessor of the same name in 1914.

Sublime Insolence

Every issue is a smashing blow on Nazi propaganda, but the Nazis hate it more intensely than any other secret news sheet for another reason—its sublime and successful insolence, its utter and open contempt for everything Nazi.

Under the front-page title—in bold print—the editorial and distribution address is given as 1, Place du Trone,

THEY BAFFLE 7,000 GESTAPO SPIES

Bruxelles. This is the headquarters of the *Oberfeldkommandantur*, the C-in-C. of the Nazi Army of Occupation.

Just below the name and address of the "responsible editor" is shown: "Peter Pan, Jardin d'Egmont, Bruxelles." This is one of the loveliest parks in the land.

Free Copies for Nazis!

As if this were not enough, two copies of the paper, ever since its first issue, have never failed to arrive in the first post of all the chief Nazi bosses.

Seyss-Inquart, Gauleiter of the Netherlands and Belgium, has offered a reward of £10,000 for the discovery of the "criminals," but the reward is still unclaimed—and Seyss-Inquart is aging visibly. There are things about him, his family and friends, in that paper which have broken their hearts and made them the laughing stock of Europe.

The titles of the secret journals speak for themselves. Typical are *Passive Resistance*, *Black Legion*, *Liberty*,

huge new cold-storage warehouses. Meat is being "de-boned" to save storage and shipping space.

Canada's enormous wheat surplus is being held in innumerable new silos, specially rushed up for the purpose.

America is helping wholeheartedly. Already estimates of food and storage facilities available have been made all over the country.

But the main responsibility will fall on Britain.

"Britain now and for some time after this war must assume leadership in Europe if Europe is not to fall back into chaos," says Julian Huxley.

The huge new scheme to feed and supply 50,000,000 people living in an area of the Middle East twenty-five times that of Britain serves as an earnest of our intentions in Europe.

For the first time, the benefits of world-wide bulk buying are being extended to the civil populations of many countries, from Turkey in the north to Abyssinia in the south.

Our Middle East Supply Centre in Cairo is shipping hundreds of thousands of tons of food, coal, oil, raw materials, and fertilisers to these countries and accumulating reserve stocks.

More than 100,000 tons of cereals were afloat at one time.

All this in the middle of a first-class war!

What a contrast to the Nazis, who are stripping occupied countries to starvation level!



"La Libre Belgique"—The Nazis hate it more intensely than any other secret sheet for its sublime and successful insolence, its utter contempt for everything Nazi

Victory. Fighting Front. Hang the Nazis, Tooth and Claw. Patriot, People's Honour, Red Flag and Hope.

All political parties which the Nazis have temporarily suppressed by their in-

vasion have their own papers. They differ in their own ways, but all have two common bonds. Death to the Hun—nothing less—and full summaries of the B.B.C. news bulletins.

Every issue reveals a steady improvement in production. Whether they are printed in hidden cellar or camouflaged attic, the organisers seem to have little trouble in securing good photographs of anti-Nazi successes. Some of the pictures of R.A.F. damage are amazing.

Editorial strategy generally is divided into three sections, each of which the Nazis appear to hate more than the other—encouragement of the resistance to the enemy, the pitiless exposure of Quislings and contemptuous ridicule of Nazi manners, methods and mentality, and the printing of the truth.

Special Edition

When Seyss-Inquart's latest Quisling reshuffle was completed, all Dutch and Belgian secret journals combined into a special edition on whose front page the traitors were exposed, lampooned and warned of their eventual doom.

It read:

"These criminals have sold their country's honour and the decency of their women—Leon Degrelle, Staf, De Clerq, van Musert, the Slamois brothers—but they have also signed their own death warrant.

"We will remember the beasts who pandered to Berlin..."

Every traitor's name is on record. Many have already paid the price of their treason.

Quisling Foreign Minister of Denmark, Scavenius, who lately signed his country away into Hitler's puppet anti-Comintern circus, without the knowledge of his king or country, has reported more than one attempt on his life. Untraceable sabotage and arson have already destroyed many of his most cherished possessions.

Seriously Alarmed

Since the Scavenius reactions the Nazis have become so seriously alarmed that Berlin has threatened to take away every concession still left to the people unless Scavenius is left alone.

But perhaps the most welcome of all secret newspapers is the 4-page British *Lutpost*, which the R.A.F. regularly drop over Germany. Every paragraph every photograph, every factual report tears a Goebbels lie to shreds and tells the truth of the outside world to the millions groping in the dense gloom of an infamous Nazi underworld of terror.

In the depths of their despair it is no wonder that so many millions brave death and the horrors of the concentration camps to learn the progress of their one hope of salvation—the advance of Britain and her Allies to victory.

We Must

★ It is all very well to say we have a right to happiness—but we haven't that right if it affects the happiness of other people

says HUMANIST

READERS who listen to broadcasts of minstrel concerts will remember the gentleman whose method of getting out of a difficulty is to "co-operate with the inevitable!"

How he does it is not explained, but it suggests something better than tame submission.

We all have to accept the inevitable at times. We may be meek or mutinous; the result is the same. Here is a letter from a woman reader who does not seem to realise that she is up against brute fact:

I have come to a point when I can think no more. I have been married many years, but when war broke out another man came into my life.

He has the power to make me intensely happy or to dash me down; yet I feel I cannot live without him. His own married life is unhappy, too. I am tempted to take what life can offer with him, but the thought of my children without a mother comes before me.

My husband is a stern man without a trace of humour. His outlook on life is terribly dull. Lately I have begun to loathe him. He makes us all so unhappy.

I have come to the end of my tether. I want to see the other man's wife and explain all so that we can start afresh, but he does not want me to do this as we have done nothing wrong.

Please, Humanist, help me, I am so dreadfully unhappy. I must make a decision soon or something will snap inside me.

The writer of the letter does not realise how difficult it is to "unmarry."

She seems to imagine that if the other man's wife knew everything she would set the man free! I am pretty certain that she would refuse.

So would her own husband.

However deeply these two people are in love, they will have to reconcile themselves to the idea that marriage is out of the question. They will have to accept the inevitable, as do hundreds of other people.

If they cannot be content to remain good friends it would be wise to part. It will be painful—but there are occasions when pain has to be borne with courage and good spirit.

HERE is another problem which appears to be inevitable. It comes from a widow.

I have two daughters, aged eighteen and sixteen, and they are both at work. As a rule they are kind and affectionate, but they both have occasional outbursts which are wearing me down.

I hate these periodical outbursts, and the girls themselves are sorry afterwards.

Their natures are entirely different. The elder will confess she is sorry and did not mean half the things she said.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

How Europe Will be Fed

FILED in a London office are detailed plans which will save millions of people in Europe from starvation.

They have been worked out over many months by food, transport, and other experts and by leaders of all the Allied Governments here.

And they will snap into action on the day that the Nazis start their great retreat from Occupied Europe.

Vast storehouses, here and all over the Empire, will be thrown open, and hundreds of thousands of tons of food will be rushed in ships taken from a great "pool" of Allied shipping to alleviate the terrible famine which the Nazis are certain to leave behind them.

The plans are complete to the last detail, and could be put into action at twenty-four hours' notice.

Livestock will be shipped to replace that destroyed and looted by the Nazis.

Fertilisers and farm machinery will be sent to restore the farms of Europe.

Industrial machinery will follow.

★ ★ ★

Large-scale buying and storing of food has been going on for months, under the direction of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Chief Economic Adviser to the Government.

Huge surplus stocks of wheat, meat, and other foods in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada—which otherwise might have caused a ruinous glut—are being bought and stored.

In Australia and New Zealand a whole year's production of food is going into

Face the Facts

but the younger will never admit that she was in the wrong.

Surely, when there are only three females in a home, there ought to be peace and happiness? I shall be very grateful if you will give me some helpful advice.

The Chinese symbol for "strife" represents two women in a house, and there is wisdom in the idea. Mother and daughter do not always see eye to eye, and the commonest cause of discord is a young wife living with her mother-in-law.

When a pair of sisters live together in peace we often find that it is little more than an armed truce. One is inclined to domineer, and the other lacks the spirit to protest. But two girls with strong personalities are bound to have differences. It is inevitable.

It is a pity that the widow treats these clashes so seriously. She must know that they are only passing storms and that there will be regrets on both sides an hour later.

AND here is a letter from a man who is concerned about his eighteen-year-old daughter.

I am terribly worried about her speech. She has had a secondary school education and has won medals for elocution. Her chief friend speaks beautifully, while her mother, who was formerly a school teacher, always speaks correctly.

But I will give you some typical specimens of my daughter's manner of speech: "Chuck us my comb!" "There's nowt wrong wi' me!" "Some people manage to gerroun o' t' Army."

I have tackled her about this slovenly speech, but she continues this sly type of talk. She says she hates people who talk "la-di-dah," and intends to speak as she pleases.

I wonder if you get many complaints like mine?

The answer to the last question is "No." The problem would be serious if the girl were unable to speak the King's English.

But she probably feels that correct speech is rather colourless and lacks force. There is a certain humour and vigour in slang which makes an appeal.

The father has made his protest and I advise him to say no more about it. The fact that it vexes him may cause the girl to resort to it more and more.

She only does it to annoy
Because she knows it teases.
Need one say more?



I have come to the end of my tether

VOICE of the TROOPS

NOT very romantic things, U-boats!

But one which has been haunting the Atlantic looks like giving Henry Robins, Sherborne (Dorset), merchant seaman, the wife of his dreams.

He sends the thrilling news in a "more follows" letter just received by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mollie Cruse, 335, Alveston, Sherborne:

We were homeward-bound after a fairly eventful journey when we were struck. Time: just before dawn.

There was a terrific bang and the old ship shuddered from stern to stern.

Four poor blighters in the engine-room were killed. The rest of us got away Thirty-six hours in open boats, about which I'll tell you later.

Then we were picked up by a Greek boat bound for England. She carried two stewardesses, and one couldn't do enough for me in particular. Blankets, hot drinks, cigarettes, and then some! What a devil of a fuss she made of me.

I fell for her straightaway. She comes from the suburbs of Athens—hates Jerry like poison. More about her follows. She makes as big a fool of me as Alf (the writer's brother) does of you. But she's lovely. You'll get along ace-high with her.—Henry.

HIGH DIVE

Now a land adventure. It comes from a place where there are plenty at the moment—out East.

Leading Aircraftman Bessie writes to friends at Invernairn, Laver Breton, near Colchester:

It's no joke hearing shells whining overhead and seeing bombers over you and knowing full well that you are the target, and that there's no possibility of them aiming at something else for a change.

During yesterday's blitz (machines were machine-gunning us) I took a header into a ditch. I came out so caked with mud that I couldn't see a thing. The raid was still on—and I had to find a drier place of refuge.

Loud laughter followed me from various hidden figures as I ran.—Carlo.

SAND—ENEMY NO. 2

And do you know what conditions can be like out there?

Private Harding, 7384298, Middle East Forces, writes describing them to M. Catton, Niton, near Ventnor:

I never want to meet a sandstorm again. You can't stand against it. You can't see. Every grain stings like a pinprick. And it fills eyes, mouth, nose, ears.

After the storm, we had to go out salvaging our effects that had blown away. They were scattered all over the desert. I was lucky enough to find every article I was ordered to find—but a lot of our stuff, I am afraid, was lost.—P.

SANCTUARY

It makes all the difference when folk smile; it sort of gives our hearts a lift along the dusty road of Life; it's like an unexpected gift.

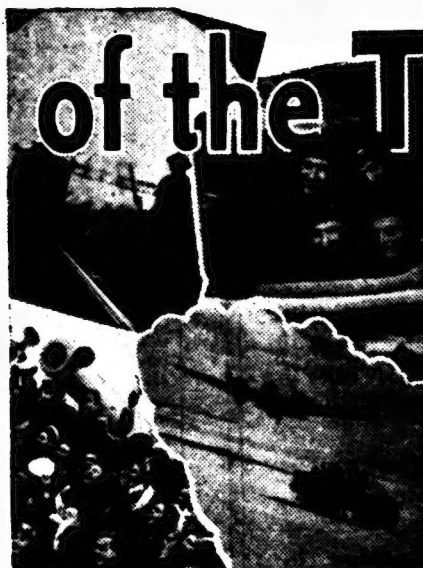
It makes all the difference when folk hold their Faith above Life's wear and tear, to give us fresh strength to go on; it makes things not so bad to bear.

It makes all the difference when folk light a Lamp of Love within our heart; it's then we know we've

found at last Life's Purpose and its Better Part.

It makes all the difference when we find something that lends us bravery; it may be in a small dog's eyes we seek, and find, Faith's sanctuary.

It makes all the difference to us all, just that one thing that holds us fast to all the things that we should be, and brings us home to God at Last.
J. M.



WHEELBARROW WIZARDS

But what fascinating yarns our boys will have to tell when they come home!

Sergt. Welch (850576) has gone out to Sierra Leone to help train a Nigerian regiment—finds a new laugh every day according to a letter to his parents at 40, Newburgh Crescent, Warwick:

The natives seem incredibly stupid as recruits, but they become good soldiers.

I saw two of them filling a barrow the other day. It must have been the first barrow they had ever seen.

When it was full they lifted it up and took turns carrying it on their heads!

But they are splendid men, and you should see how capable a few weeks' drill makes them. They make expert Bren gunners and trench mortar teams.—F.

A PROBLEM SOLVED

Another letter brimming with real-life experience reaches Mrs. N. F. Reynolds, of Bolton Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, from her husband in the Sudan.

And, incidentally, he tells her of wonderful plum-duff served to the troops where you wouldn't expect to find plum-duff—in the Back of Beyond:

Now you should know, dear, that a pudding-cloth goes to the making of the best plum-duff, and pudding-cloths aren't supplied in these outlandish places.

One of the lads who enjoyed it most was a youngster we call Sandy, a nice boy who had taken so slowly to Army ways that he had brought some nice pale-blue pyjamas out with him.

He found the long legs had been cut off those pyjamas, the trousers of which have now become shorts. His language was frightful to hear.

He told us he took it in good part, and we replied: "So did we with the duff."

As I say, you must have a pudding-cloth. You'd be surprised at the smiling faces you see out here—in spite of everything.—Norman.

THEY LONG FOR NEWS

"In spite of everything" says that writer. And one of the biggest disadvantages of life away from loved ones is lack of news.

Private G. Paxton, serving with a famous infantry regiment in a lonely part of India, writes to his sister at 20, Parkway, Golders Green, N.W.11:

For a long time we had been without a newspaper when rumours of all sorts reached us. So a chap took French leave to go to the nearest town, eighty miles away, for a paper!

He came back loaded with newspapers. Everybody rushed for him when they saw him coming up the hill. The rush was so big that the poor fellow is now in hospital with a fractured skull, so you have a bit of an idea what news means to us.—G.

CATTLE RUN WILD

Corporal J. Houghton, serving in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, writes to his friend Charles Green at Princes Avenue, Warrington:

You'd change your ideas about farming if you came out here. The farm I stayed on occupied about three hundred square miles, being chiefly concerned with the raising of thousands of head of cattle.

Some acres were used for the growing of oranges, peaches, lemons, grapefruit and pan-pan. Then they produced wheat, maize, cattle food, and a whole host of market-garden produce.

All the cattle run wild, and are in separate herds of about 250. The herd boy has nothing to do except to keep them from straying.—J. H.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

SAD to see (while we are fighting for a brave new world) that Alberta's decision to cut her wheat acreage by 19 per cent. is regarded by certain trading interests as "good news."—Roy Galsworthy, Rolle Street, Exmouth.

Ministry of Public Security tells us by different leaflets to keep doors and windows open to counteract blast, and to keep them closed to conserve coal—as fires thrive on draughts.—W. Corah, Drybrook, Coalville.

Worst small-scale profiteering racket is the sale at 3d. per pair of shoddy shoe-laces of the type formerly made to give away with new shoes.—A. Holt, Uxbridge Road, W.

Woman I know tells me: "If I hadn't got three children I wouldn't be able to keep my five cats in milk." State should see that milk intended for children reaches children.—Logical Cat-Lover, Sparkenhoe Street, Leicester.

Proper place for a child in a bus during war time is its mother's knee, releasing seat for person doing work of national importance.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

W&A. Gillbey

For general guidance, the prices in England and Wales of a few of our leading Wines and Spirits are quoted below:—

OLD ENGLAND			
British Ruby	...	3/9	
British White	...	3/9	
British Sherry... ..	...	3/9	
GIN			
<i>Gilbey's Famous Crystal Dry</i>		17/-	
RUM			
Governor General	...	17/6	

Advs. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



Bob Martin's Condition Powders keep dogs fit

*Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society*

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is LIFE ITSELF!

**QUICKEST
& SAFEST**
for your
COLD.

Phenetic kills
the germs in your
Bloodstream

Phensic

Pronounced 'PEN-ZIK'

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

A little Silvikrin does a great deal of good—keeps scalp healthy and roots nourished. Be wise! Save your hair by feeding it with Silvikrin.



Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmit (Double Strength) which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. The oz. of Parmit (Double Strength) is almost as cheap as any good Chai. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the formula and dose.

If any difficulty in obtaining,
write to: Wizard Production Co.
1st, 2nd Donagata, Manchester 3

**QUICKEST
& SAFEST**
for your
COLD.

Phenetic kills
the germs in your
Bloodstream

Phensic

Pronounced 'PEN-ZIK'

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

IT WORKS WONDERS

It Has Done My Rheumatics Good, Made My Nerves Much Better And My Stomach Is Nearly Well

I FEEL 20 YEARS YOUNGER SINCE I HAVE TAKEN YEAST-VITE

Eastleigh, Hants.

Oct. 19th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write to you and let you know the benefit I have obtained by taking your Yeast-Vite tablets.

I was invalided from the Royal Navy in 1918 with neurasthenia and nobody could do me any good. I was under treatment and they could do nothing for me and during that time I got rheumatism in the spine and I have had gastric ulcers and have been operated on, but I always had pains in my stomach.

I started to take your Yeast-Vite just after the beginning of the war in 1940 and I find it has done my rheumatics good and it has made my nerves much better and my stomach is nearly well and I feel 20 years younger since I have taken your tablets. It's a marvellous cure and it works wonders and it's a good pick-me-up.

I am sorry I never tried your tablets before and I have told a lot of people of them. Thanks for them. (Sgd.) G. H.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets, 7d., 1/4, 1/3 & 1/2 including postage tax. Sold Every-where.

Toast the GALLANT FORCES by all means



BUT remember that Maldano cocktails are scarce and precious. If you are lucky enough to find a bottle—toast sparingly!

Maldano
READY MIXED
cocktails



Dr Carrot: guardian of health

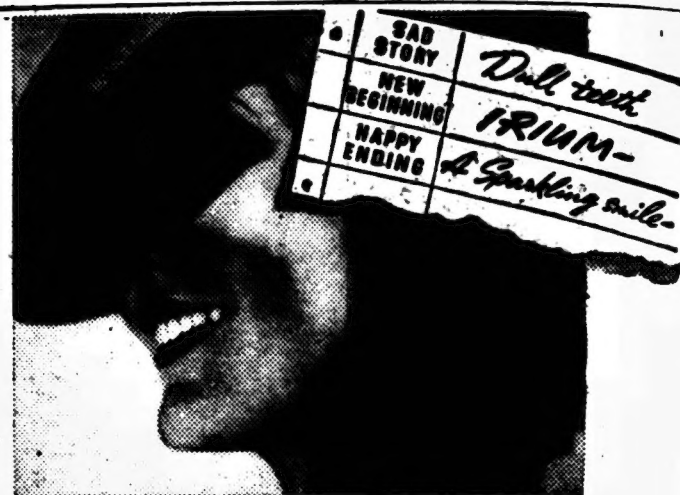
"You need lots of protective Vitamin A," says Dr. Carrot. "Call me in regularly, and I'll guard your health." Carrots are one of the richest sources of Vitamin A; and they're plentiful, thanks to the British farmer.

Look out for these carrot recipes—and improve your winter diet!

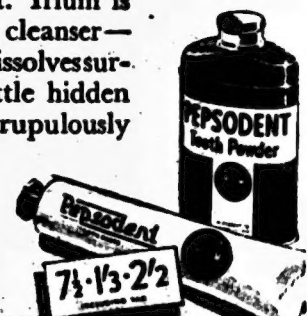
Baked Potatoes with Carrot Sauce

For four persons, take 4 large potatoes; 4 large carrots; 2 teaspoonsful each of mustard, cornflour, margarine, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and a heaped tablespoonful of dripping. Scrub potatoes and cook 10 minutes in fast boiling salted water. Slice and put with dripping to finish cooking and brown in oven. Grate carrots, cover with salted water, cook few minutes; blend cornflour, margarine, mustard, salt and pepper; stir all into cooking carrot. Stir over low heat until thick and creamy. Pour over hot crisp potatoes. Excellent with cold boiled American bacon.

C3



A sparkling smile and you're happy ever after! It's Irium gives you a smile worth smiling—fascinating, brilliant. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser—and it is a cleanser! Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly your teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!



PEPSODENT
THE IRIUM DENTIFRICE

When Minors are 'IN' the news gets out!



—because everyone knows that Minors are
THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET
10 for 6½d.

Licensed by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf. Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.



—for Sundays

PER 15 OZ.